

New Year's Message From The Commissioner—See Page 6

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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HENRY C. HODDER, Commissioner



A Good Resolve For The New Year
Newly-arrived 1924 looking at the departing 1923: "He has done well for Western Canada and The Salvation Army—I must try to do better."



Only Once

I SHALL not pass this way again,
But, far beyond earth's Where and
When,
May I look back along the road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.
I shall not pass this way again,
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And love be mine that as I may
Plant roses all along the way.
I shall not pass this way again;
Grant me to soothe the hearts of men,
Faithful to friends, true to my God,
A fragrance on the path I tread.

Beginning With Prayer

DURING the days of circuit preaching the renowned Peter Cartwright, while on one of his circuit rides, chanced on a certain occasion to stop at a country tavern where a dance was being held. He sat in a corner alone, pondering over the sins of the dancers, then one of them, a beautiful young lady, approached him and asked him to dance. It was a polite attention to a stranger, which the entire company seemed to approve. He consented and, leading her to the centre of the room, motioned the negro fiddler to stop playing.

When quiet was obtained, he announced that he never did anything of importance without first asking God's blessing upon it, and drawing the young lady with him he fell upon his knees, shouting, "Let us pray!" The people present were astonished. Some of them followed his example and knelt; others fled, while others stood in amazement. Soon his great voice in prayer and exhortation produced its effect, and the entire community fell, begging for mercy. The hall was turned into a religious meeting and many were converted.

Bible Knowledge Testers

1. Find the parable of the "boiling pot".
2. Volume is mentioned only twice in the Bible, once in the Old Testament and once in the new, both verses alike. Where?
3. What disciple was called Jupiter?
4. Who was the first woman mentioned in the Bible to accept a bible?
5. Where is the apple tree mentioned in the Bible?
6. Who was lowered down from a city wall in a basket?
7. Where will you find the longest and shortest verses in the Bible?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S SCRIPTURE PROBLEM

L-ols-2 Timothy 1:5.
O-badiah-I Kings 18: 4.
V-asht-Esther 1:1-19.
E-li-I Samuel 3: 13.



Guarding Against the Wiles of the Devil

A YOUNG man-Salvationist who got the blessing of Holiness in a Meeting admitted that he had had the blessing once before, but had lost it because he failed to testify to it. The

Is a Holy Life Possible?

By MAJOR GILBERT RTER
Training Garrison Princij Winnipeg

"Follow peace with all men, and Holiness, which no man shall see the Lord."—Hebrews: 14.

ST. PAUL in the above message to the Hebrew Christians, gives utterance to what is generally accepted throughout Christendom as an eternal verity, viz., that Holiness alone constitutes meekness for Heaven, but many deny the possibility of the experience during life, believing that just at the last when going into the presence of God, the Christian soul is made holy and thus made meet for Heaven.

Thank God, The Salvation Army accepts the plain teaching of the Bible with regard to this glorious truth, and many in its ranks humbly testify to having received the experience. We believe that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," and that, irrespective of the hereditary principle of inborn sin, such wondrous provision has been made by God through the cleansing Blood and the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, that the life of Holiness becomes not only a possibility, but the delight and joy of every fully consecrated soul.

In writing to the Thessalonians, chapter 4, verse 3, St. Paul says: "For this is the Will of God, even your sanctification"; in verse 7, "For God hath not called you unto uncleanness, but unto Holiness." It is evident that to be consistent with His character as a benevolent Creator, God can only will for His people an attainable experience, and must be under a moral obligation to make abundant provision for that Will to be carried out.

Some confuse the blessing of Holiness with Sinless Perfection, thus their denial of its possibility.

Exquisitely Beautiful and Simple Holiness as taught in the Bible is so exquisitely beautiful and simple that one is reluctant to quote any authority, however qualified, to add to, or make more clear this great Bible doctrine. Nevertheless, Dr. Watson, in his Holiness Manual, seems to have been given a special revelation from God, and his definitions at once so Scriptural and true to experience, have been made a great blessing to many, and to the sincere inquirer or seeker after Holiness, his words will prove invaluable. He says: "Parlor wipes out the moral evil that I have accumulated. Purity destroys the moral evil I have inherited. Parlor

deals with choices and decisions of the Parlor harmonizes me with the will of God; Purity harmonizes with the character of God. Parlor does me to the Kingdom of God; Purity introduces me to the love of Power."

When Doth Hinder?

Truly Divine Power is the paramount of the Christian Church today, a revival so much needed will assay come when there is a revival of personal Holiness amongst God's people. God the Father wills, you condescend, our Holiness, Jesus by His blood made full cleansing possible. Holy Spirit, by His presence in the abandoned soul, gives the power that then doth hinder? Doubtless things could be mentioned, as pride, worldliness, jealousy, unforgiving spirit, etc., but one covers all—CONTRIVERY. Contrivency, persisted in, keeps the Divine inflow. The Holy Spirit dwells in all His fullness, the soul where contrivency exists, hinders, we must just as truly abide Holy, as God wills us to be. And when we get to that place of complete abandonment, renouncing doubtful things and consecrating ourselves fully to the Lord, in order to obedient faith, the full cleansing takes place, and the soulman becomes the Tabernacle of God.

Some read this may have had and lost experience and ask is it possible to regain. Emphatically yes. On India, I lost the blessing of Holiness and the period without it cost me the blackest page of my Christian experience. I sought it again wrong crying and tears and then to God, He gave me again blessing I had lost and today the mission passion of my life is to proclaim this grand and glorious truth that does sanctify and that "this is the Will of God even your sanctification."

May I come to you and His presence result in a strong, pure love to find a consuming passion that will you out in service and earnestness to save the souls for whom I died, and at last secure the "home" of our Lord and Master.

That old trick of the Devil's by which he cheats many a soul out of the gift of greatest price.

Paul says with the heart man believeth righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto Salvation, confession is as necessary as believing. We insist upon this in the matter of justification, and it is equally so in the matter of sanctification. If we do not testify definitely, and constantly to the blessing received, we put our light under a bushel and it goes out. This little lesson is extracted from the little book by Colonel Bringle, at Tunks on Holiness, which may be obtained from The Travel Department, Carlton St., Winnipeg, 80 cent postpaid.

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday—Luke 23: 32-45.—"Father forgive them; for they know not what they do." To love our enemies is one of the hardest lessons which the Saviour teaches, and He confirmed His teaching in the moment of His great agony, with no pity for Himself. It is a sure test of our love to Him when we can forgive as He taught us to do.

Monday—Luke 23: 46-56.—"Joseph begged the body of Jesus." Hundreds of years before Isaiah had prophesied of the Messiah that He should be "with the rich in His death." (Isa. 53: 9). So the Saviour Who had been poor all His life was laid by loving hands in a costly grave. Joseph was the first of countless rich men who have been privileged to put themselves and their money at the Lord's disposal.

Tuesday—Luke 45: 1-12.—"He is not here, but is risen." The disciples never expected the Resurrection and were slow to accept it. Far from being able to invent such a wonderful miracle they utterly disbelieved those who declared they had seen the Risen Christ. But once convinced, the glorious fact of the Resurrection became the central point of their teaching and preaching.

Wednesday—Luke 24: 13-27.—"He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." R.V. If you ask the Saviour to do this for you each time you read His Book, your soul will be helped and blessed. You may have no human friend near who can explain the Bible to you, but "Jesus Himself" will "draw near" and make plain what you do not understand.

Thursday—Luke 24: 28-43.—"They yet believed not for joy, and wondered." We sometimes say, "It is too good to be true," and this is what the disciples felt when they saw the Lord. When He appeared so unexpectedly, the same, and yet different, their very joy made the sight of their eyes seem impossible. These men did not invent the Resurrection, they were convinced against their will.

Friday—Luke 24: 44-53.—"He led them out as far as to Bethany." He Himself led them out to what seemed a place of sadness, for they were parted from Him forever. But Bethany was only the beginning of indescribable blessing. Instead of being with them for a few months or years the Saviour dwelt with them for ever. A spiritual personality took the place of His bodily Presence. When the Lord leads you out He intends to make your Bethany the beginning of blessing too big for belief.

Saturday—1 Sam. 21: 1-15.—David and the sword of Goliath. God sends help and comfort to His children in many ways—often by the memory of past victories. Hunted and fleeing for his life the mere feel of Goliath's sword would inspire David. The sudden remembrance of a proved and tried promise in God's Word will often turn seeming defeat into victory.

Little Things of Great Service

THERE is a sublimity in little things. As the sun can be reflected by a dew-drop, so the whole infinitude of God's power and wisdom may shine up out of the arrangements which God has made for the comfort, progress, discipline, and defence of His people.

The Story of how

THERE was old Dan, he father, and then there was Dan—he was the boy in the Old Dan fished for a living, times they said he would be as a fish. It burdened the young Dan because his father so shamefully, it was the family of the Hoopers. Hooper's wife would fetch a and then the tears would come eyes! Little Dan, or Danno, mother called him, knew long sigh and tears meant, it was "mother drawing me a deep well," and the reason sadness was her husband's habits.

Drink Makes a Change

They lived near the yellow rim of the blue sea. It was a and-a-half house, and when to live there it was a very pretty. The house had been newly and was white as any sail upon the sea. Every morning the sun winked in at every opening, "How d'ye do, folks?" were neatly papered, and the were filled with pretty. There was a little garden, too, with flowers. But rum does not change in a man and his life.

Daniel Hooper's house outed dingy and dirty as the can old east-away coarser. The broken, rag-stuffed panes were windows that it was hard for to find a chance to look in. Where this thin, sickly light it seemed to say, "Oh dear, this is a drunkard's home!" were dingy, befouled with bacco-smoke, and the furniture had not been sold was the little garden was a new weeds hatched out bigger air broods of burdocks and bran smartweed and sorrel.

Mrs. Hooper's greatest was young Dan, and Danno, est comfort next to her mother. The Salvation Army Company which was held on Sundays in the Brook schoolhouse, by a little brook went chattering laughing down to the sea, gave the school-house its new afternoons, late in December, Whitton, Dannie's Cousin, was talking to her boys.

Some Good Resolve

"It will be New Year's soon, boys," said Mrs. Whitton, "you intend to begin it with a good resolution?"

"Yes, yes, yes," came up from the boys.

"Now each of you can something where you can improvement," said Mrs. Whitton. The boys began to think it over.

Said Tom Garvin in his "I will mind mother better."

Charlie Stevens resolved, my Bible every day."

Dick Smith silently said, pester the teacher so ever school fast?"

And deep down in his so Dan said, "I will do all I can father a sober man."

"But look here," resur Whitton, "a good resolution nail just stuck into the wall driven home. Such nails easily, and so do good oftentimes fall quickly to the nail must be sent home in hard, and do you know good hammer to send home in place all your resolutions them fast?"

"I can gueth," said Charlie in his hissing way.

"What is it?"

Charlie hung his head, pored, "Prayer."

"Yes, prayer is the good making sure all our good whatever you resolve to do."

Dan's New Year Resolution

The Story of how a Drunken Fisherman Was Convicted of His Sin and Led to Seek God's Pardon

THERE was old Dan, he was the father, and then there was young Dan—he was the boy in the family. Old Dan fished for a living, and sometimes they said he would be "drunk as a fish." It burdened the heart of young Dan because his father drank so shamefully. It was grief to all the family of the Hoopers. How Daniel Hooper's wife would fetch a big sigh, and then the tears would come to her eyes! Little Dan, or Dannie, as his mother called him, knew what the long sigh and tears meant. He said it was "mother drawing water from a deep well," and the reason of her sadness was her husband's drinking habits.

Drink Makes a Change

They lived near the yellow, sandy rim of the blue sea. It was a story-and-a-half house, and when they went to live there it was a very pretty home. The house had been newly painted, and was white as any sail spread upon the sea. Every morning the big, golden sun winked in at every pane, saying, "How d'ye do, folks?" The walls were neatly papered, and the rooms were filled with pretty furniture. There was a little garden, too, bright with flowers. But rum does make such a change in a man and his home!

Daniel Hooper's house outside looked dingy and dirty as the canvas of an old east-away coaster. So many broken, rag-stuffed panes were in the windows that it was hard for the sun to find a chance to look in at all. Where this thin, sickly light came in, it seemed to say, "Oh dear, oh dear, this is a drunkard's home!" The walls were dingy, befouled with dirty tobacco-smoke, and the furniture that had not been sold was broken, and the little garden was a nest where weeds hatched out bigger and bigger broods of burdocks and brambles and smartweed and sorrel.

Mrs. Hooper's greatest comfort was young Dan, and Dannie's greatest comfort next to his mother was The Salvation Army Company Meeting which was held on Sunday afternoons in the Brook schoolhouse. Near by, a little brook went chattering and laughing down to the sea, and that gave the school-house its name. One afternoon, late in December, Mrs. Whiton, Dannie's Company Guard, was talking to her boys.

Some Good Resolves

"It will be New Year's Day very soon, boys," said Mrs. Whiton, "and don't you intend to begin it with some good resolution?"

"Yes, yes, yes," came up in a chorus from the boys.

"Now each of you can think of something where you can make improvement," said Mrs. Whiton.

The boys began to think the matter over.

Said Tom Garvin in his thoughts, "I will mind mother better."

Charlie Stevens resolved, "I'll read my Bible every day."

Dick Smith silently said, "I won't pester the teacher so every day at school."

And deep down in his soul, young Dan said, "I will do all I can to make father a sober man."

"But look here," resumed Mrs. Whiton, "a good resolution is like a nail just stuck into the wall and not driven home. Such nails fall out easily, and your good resolutions oftentimes fall quickly to the ground. The nail must be sent home; driven in hard, and do you know what is a good hammer to send home into a sure place all your resolutions and make them fast?"

"I can guess," said Charlie Stevens in his happy way.

"What is it?"

Charlie hung his head and whispered, "Prayer."

"Yes, prayer is the good hammer making sure all our good resolutions. Whatever you resolve to do, be sure

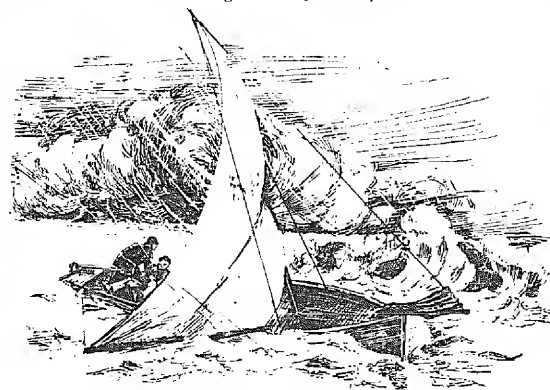
that the purpose is sent home well, driven into a secure place."

Young Dan went to the cottage near the sandy rim of the sea, and up a low, dusty flight of stairs he climbed to his little chamber. There he began to pray for his father, but something seemed to choke him. It was a thought that seemed to mount out of his heart, and it had stuck in his throat. He had not asked God to forgive his own sins! He knelt again and besought God to take his own sins out of the way. That cleared the lump out of his throat, and then he prayed for his father also.

"Mother," said Dan, when he came down into the kitchen where she sat reading her Bible by the last of the thin afternoon sunshine struggling through the window—"mother"—he hesitated.

"Dannie, what is it?"

"I thought—I would like to—tell you that I had—begun to—pray for father." Here the little fellow broke down, and as he cried he leaned his head on her shoulder. She began to



He could steer and he could pray, and he did both.

cry, too, and there they mingled their tears together. What a sad place is a drunkard's home, and what a mischief-maker drink is!

"Dannie, I have been thinking of that thing also. I have been reading my Bible, and seeing what God will do for those who pray."

Together they knelt in the dingy kitchen and bowed their souls in prayer.

New Year's Day the two Dams went out in the boat that had been hauled high upon the sands.

"Dress warm, Dannie," the mother had said, "for it is chilly today. There, poor boy, there, you haven't clothes enough to keep you warm. You can take my old red shawl with you, and, if it comes up any colder, put it over your shoulders."

The father smiled to see the old red shawl in the boy's hand, but Dannie said to himself, "I had rather take a shawl to keep me warm outside than a jug to keep me warm inside."

The jug was Daniel Hooper's invariable companion, and it went with him that day to the fishing-grounds.

"It is cloudy, father," said little Dan, as they pushed off from shore; "shall we have snow?"

"Oh! I guess not." We can make home in good season if it should thicken out to sea, and snow."

Here Daniel Hooper lifted the jug and took a big swallow. A poor way to begin when one puts out to sea on a cloudy day, for a rum-jug will make a good weight to sink a boat, but never a wing to bring it home in season.

The fish bit very well that day, but Daniel Hooper complained that he was very chilly.

"I am cold, Dannie," he would say. "The fish bite amazin', but I am cold." Here he would turn to the jug for comfort, and turned so often that it seemed as if he had more pulls at the jug than pulls out of the sea.

"I know what will keep me warm," thought Dannie, and he drew his mother's old red shawl about his shoulders and there pinned it tight.

"What is that?" he asked at last, pointing seaward,—"snow coming?"

But the father did not seem to care. He said he was sleepy. He was feeling the influence of the liquor. He leaned over the seat in front of him and dropped into a slumber. There was young Dan out upon the sea, his father intoxicated, and a snow-storm coming.

"There is a flake now!" he said. It fell upon the red shawl, a little white missive sent by the storm-king to say that thousands of other flakes were on their way and would soon be along. Dan was not the boy to sit in a stupor wondering what he should do. He was only twelve, rather small for his

Yes, there was the familiar sandy ridge near the shore, and then came the quick drive through the breakers, and the boat was safely beached. Dan's father was now stirring, aroused by the jar of the boat striking the sand.

"We are home, father. Let me help you out."

Kept Him in the Fish-House

Daniel Hooper, helped by his boy, staggered out of the boat, and then staggered up to the black little fish-house perched among the sand-hummocks. Daniel followed, lugging the fish they had caught. He kept his father in the fish-house some time, first running into his home to let his mother know of their safe arrival.

"How is your father?" she asked.

He did not answer, but ran back to the fish-house to detain his father there until he was more sober.

"It will be hard for mother," thought Dannie, "to see father drunk the first day of the year."

"How did we get home?" asked his father at last.

"I steered."

"Who hoisted the sail?"

"I did."

Daniel Hooper was not without a conscience, and it here gave him a sharp nip. At the hour that they had passed in the fish-house, apparently to care for certain jobs that Dannie reminded his father of, but really to allow the father time to sober off, conscience was nipping him sharper and sharper. He went out to look after some fish-barrels. When he stopped back to the door, looking in, he saw little Dan kneeling by a coil of old rope, and then he heard these words, "O God, don't let father die a drunkard!" The man started. He turned away into the storm again. "What a brute I am!" he said. He wandered back of a hummock, and there sat down, while the white flakes were driving overhead like ships scudding in from the sea. How he did think his sinful life over! That was the first day of the year, and it was a good time to begin life anew. He had been thinking of this very matter lately, and today his thoughts went down deep like a plow that cuts far into the under-soil and turns up heavy furrows. He had been thinking half an hour, when he heard a voice.

"Father!"

"Coming soon," was the reply he made.

"That is Dannie calling me," he said, "and I will settle it before he comes."

Pleaded With God

Down upon his knees he dropped, and the snow-flakes whitened his upturned face as he pleaded with God. Then he joined his boy, who from the ridge of the hummock had noticed his kneeling, but could hardly realize it. Together they went into the house, and what a happy home that was when Daniel Hooper told his purpose to his wife and boy.

"And I know, mother," whispered Dannie, "he will keep his resolution, for I saw him on his knees driving it home with prayer."

Yes, he sent the nail into a sure place.

"We will have an extra supper to-night," said his mother, "if you can find me a couple or so of eggs in the hen-house, Dannie."

Hens! A drunkard's flock is a small one, but the three old hens left, though they had done nothing for several days, laid three eggs that first day of the new year.

To the home a new year had come. By another winter the house had been painted, glass was in the windows, new furniture in the rooms, and in the summer flowers had lighted up the garden. Best of all, the love of God and the strength of God was still in the heart of Daniel Hooper, and tarried too with his family.

Attempting to Stem the Crime Wave

New York Police Officials take Drastic Measures—Some Striking Lessons for the Soldiers of Jesus Christ in their Warfare against the Arch-Bandit Satan—How to make the "Pray, Work and Win" Campaign a Success

FOLLOWING a daring \$50,000 fur robbery in New York, when bandits hurled ash cans through the windows and fled in an automobile with the window display, some drastic orders were issued to the police of that city. In order to marshal the greatest number of policemen to combat the crime wave the following measures were taken:—

- 1—All vacations are to be suspended.
- 2—Patrolmen will work seven days a week.
- 3—Lunch hours are to be abolished.
- 4—Captains and inspectors are to sleep in station houses, and to spend their waking hours seeing that all their men give 100 per cent service.
- 5—Members of the force are to wear their uniforms whenever they appear on the streets, and are to be constantly on the watch for bandits.
- 6—Except for eight hours allotted for sleep, detectives are to be constantly on duty.
- 7—Uniformed members are to be requested to volunteer for any additional service and offer their privately-owned automobiles for patrol duty.
- 8—All uniformed men on clerical assignments, numbering about 400, are to do a few hours' patrol duty in addition to their other work.

There is inspiration in this newspaper item for earnest Salvationists who are intent upon pushing the "Pray, Work and Win" campaign.

The enemy of souls and his agents, daring, impudent and aggressive, are actively engaged in robbing men, women and children of priceless treasures—honor, purity, honesty, truthfulness, godliness and many other valuable things.

To checkmate these activities of the Arch-bandit and his gang the Soldiers of Jesus Christ are called to a ceaseless warfare against evil. The drastic orders issued to the New York police could with profit be spiritualized and applied to the present Campaign in the Canada West Territory.

Let us take them as they come.

- 1—All vacations to be suspended. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. That is true regarding our own souls—we must watch and pray continually if we would keep the enemy on the outside of our heart's citadel. It is true regarding the souls of others whom we are appointed to watch for and shepherd, or whom we have an opportunity to win for the Master. Salvationists should never be "off duty" in this respect. They are enlisted for active warfare and "there is no discharge in this war." The fight goes on all the time, and the Soldiers who take vacations are invariably captured by the enemy. Those who do the greatest damage to the enemy are those who sing in the Spirit that grand old song:—

"Happy if with my latest breath,

I may but gasp His name;

Preach Him to all and cry in death

Behold, behold the Lamb."

- 2—On duty seven days a week. Sunday, Monday or any other day makes no difference to the Salvationist when it comes to winning souls or warning sinners. He is as ready to say a word for the Master in the workshop, on the street car, or at

the office as he is to give his testimony in a Holiness Meeting; as ready to point a soul to Christ in his own home or even on the street as in a Prayer Meeting at the Hall. Yes, seven days a week he is on duty for God, not counting it a hardship, but glorying in the opportunity of doing all in his power for Him who died for all mankind.

- 3—Lunch hours to be abolished. Oh, the time that is wasted by many in eating and drinking and carrying on frivolous and frothy conversation over the table, when it could be better employed in spiritual exercises, or in seeking the welfare of others. Salvationists need to be on guard here or the enemy will entrap them and hinder their influence and usefulness.

- 4—A hundred per cent service. Not a half-hearted service but a whole-hearted, enthusiastic effort to win souls is what our great Commander loves to see. He applies no compulsion but that of love, but that is the mightiest compulsion in the universe, and many thousands of men and women have gladly yielded up their very lives in giving a hundred per cent service. What per cent service are you rendering? Is your all on the altar, are you with Jesus "neck or nothing"? Can you truthfully sing:—

"Take my life and let it be

Consecrated Lord, to Thee:

Take my moments and my days,

Let them flow in ceaseless praise."?

- 5—Wear uniform constantly and be on the watch for opportunities to save souls. How often the uniform provides this very opportunity. How often people have been blessed and helped and in many instances led to Christ through speaking to some Salvationist in uniform, whom otherwise they would not have confided in.

- 6—Constantly on duty—as an ambassador of the King of kings; to speak a word in season to him that is weary, to be a terror to evil doers, to comfort those who mourn, to visit the sick, to help the poor, to bless the little children, and encourage all to walk in the paths of righteousness.

- 7—Volunteering for additional service. There are many who could do a little extra during this special campaign. What about visiting a few families or selling a few "War Crys," doing some fishing in the Prayer Meetings, or devoting some time and effort to saving the children.

- 8—Workers behind the scenes to get out and do something. There are many timid, backward people who, if they would only come out of their shells would find such joy in public work that they would develop rapidly into front rank fighting Soldiers. Try and do something extraordinary during this campaign. Give your testimony in the Open-Air, sing a solo, speak to people about their souls, pray with your neighbors, relatives and friends, do something—anything that the Spirit of God impresses upon you that you should do. Do it in the Spirit, do it for Christ's sake, and you will be abundantly blessed and many will be helped thereby.

Now for a mighty forward move throughout the whole Territory. Let every Comrade grasp the sword tighter, lay aside all hindrances, and charge afresh upon the foe, determined to

PRAY, WORK and WIN.

Rightly Directed Ambition

The desire to be and do something is not to be repressed but harnessed to great and worthy purposes

AMBITION, the desire to overtop our fellows, to have more than other people have, to be more than other people are, has left a blood-stained trail across history (writes Harry Emerson Fosdick in the Ladies' Home Journal). Nevertheless, in spite of the ruinous meanings of ambition, none of us who amount to anything lacks it. That instinct is an indispensable part of our native endowment; it is one of the most powerful driving forces of our lives. If a child were born in one of our homes lacking am-

bition we should be seriously worried. Whatever we may be doing with that instinct, it is in all of us, and more than once when it has cracked its whip we have done some of the best work we ever did.

The attitude of idealistic teachers toward this deep-seated and powerful element in our nature has often been one of severe repression. They have condemned it utterly as a curse to be cast out and trodden underfoot. Such an attitude is historically represented in old monasteries, where men turned their backs on this world's ambitions and hopes and counted themselves holy for so doing. That same attitude is represented in some forms of evangelism as in hymns like:

"Oh to be nothing, nothing."

The idea behind that familiar conception of Christianity is that ambition is to be crushed, and the consequence of that attitude has been a pallid and sickly kind of Christianity. If a man prays too hard "Oh to be nothing,

nothing," he may get exactly what he asks.

When, however, one turns to those great lives which have been the glory of the Christian movement, it is plain that they are handling ambition in another way altogether. William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army, is a man whose figure looms the larger the longer we know it, as mountains look greater when we retreat from them. But his own phrasing of the motive power which drove him down into the slums of darkest England to work for lives whom everybody else had forgotten was this: "The impulses and urgings of an undying ambition" to save souls. Ambition is not something to be cast out; it is to be lifted and expanded, oriented around new aims and devoted to great purposes.

For we can employ powers like ambition in many different ways. A man may be ambitious to be the richest man in the country, or he may be am-

bitious to make his business a blessing to every man who works for him and a public service to every customer who buys from him. A man may be ambitious to be saluted as rabbi in the market-place, or he may be ambitious to lay his life, like the prophet's, on the lives of those whom he teaches and breathe into them the breath of life.

When Mackey, the missionary, reached Uganda in Africa, the difference between him and the natives was not that he lacked ambition and they had it. He had more ambition than all of them put together or else he would not have been there—ambition to make Uganda one more province in the Kingdom of Christ. These primitive instincts are too valuable to throw away. They are meant to be developed, reorganized, and reeducated, and the degree to which that has been achieved is one of the primary tests of character. The ideal man, as Jacob Boehme said, has all his fiery energies harnessed to the service of the light.

Little Talks on Health

By Charles A. L. Reed, M.D.

YOUR WINTER'S CLOTHING

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IN making your choice of fabrics for winter clothing there are a few important facts to be kept in mind.

First remember that what you are proposing to do is not so much to keep out the cold as to keep in the heat. The constant escape of heat from the body is called radiation, and the medium through which it escapes or is conducted is called a conductor.

What you are trying to find for winter clothing is something that will be a poor conductor.

That something is dry air. But man cannot clothe himself in air alone.

What he needs, therefore, is a loosely-woven fabric that will hold the largest amount of dry air in its meshes.

But moisture is likewise constantly escaping from his body, less in winter than at other times, but yet in sufficient quantity that, if permitted promptly to evaporate, it will speedily moisten the air, make it a good conductor, carry off the heat with it and thus speedily chill the body.

It is to meet both these conditions that woollen materials are chosen for winter wear for both outer and under-wear.

When wool is used for underwear it is generally woven into fabrics with large meshes, in which the dry air remains dry until very gradually, if at all the strands are moistened by evaporations from the surface of the body.

Wool easily absorbs moisture, but it likewise holds it so well that evaporation from it takes place very gradually, thus avoiding sudden chilling of the body.

Cotton makes a more compact fabric, in the meshes of which little or no dry air is retained. It absorbs moisture very easily and gives it up as easily by evaporation. For this reason cotton goods are active conductors of moisture and consequently of heat and are therefore not "warm" enough for winter wear.

Linen does not absorb or give up moisture as readily as cotton, and when woven into open-meshed fabrics is a better material for winter wear. When the meshes are very large and the garment is worn under an outer one of wool, much of the moisture escaping from the body passes out through the meshes to the outer woollen garment, from which it slowly evaporates into the air. In this way the body heat is conserved, while the skin is protected from the direct effect of the wool, which with some people is very irritating.

The attempt has been made with some success to avoid the irritating effects of pure wool by making a fabric called merino, which is a mixture of wool and cotton. But as it is always more closely woven and its meshes contain less of dry air, it is a more absorptive and therefore less valuable than either wool or linen when properly woven.

Wearing the same underclothing, generally cotton, the year round, a habit rather boastfully affected by some young people, is unwise. Winter underclothing should be frequently changed and washed for the reason that when contaminated and kept warm and moist by contact with the body it naturally favors the multiplication of germs.

Next week: Do You Ever Give Your Heart a Rest?

Chinese Proverbs

You can hardly make a friend in a year, but you can easily offend one in an hour.

Heaven never sends a man without providing for his clothes and income.

Cooks never make up for the flour which they spoil.

When men are friendly even water is sweet.

He who has friends in every place finds every place delicious.

Though the left hand conquer the right, no advantage is gained.

Wave

s for the Soldiers
—How to

mony in a Holiness Meeting;
st in his own home or even
ing at the Hall. Yes, seven
, not counting it a hardship,
f doing all in his power for

, the time that is wasted by
d carrying on frivolous and
le, when it could be better
or in seeking the welfare of
on guard here or the enemy
influence and usefulness.

a half-hearted servant but a
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tiest compulsion in the un-
men and women have gladly
gave a hundred per cent serv-
e rendering? Is your all on
eck or nothing?" Can you

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and my days,
less praise."?
on the watch for opportu-
uniform provides this very
have been blessed and helped
through speaking to some
erwise they would not have

sador of the King of kings;
that is weary, to be a terror
no mourn, to visit the sick,
children, and encourage all
ness.

ice. There are many who
is special campaign. What
selling a few "War Crys,"
Meetings, or devoting some
ldren.

out and do something. There
who, if they would only come
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ary during this campaign.
-Air, sing a solo, speak to
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uld do. Do it in the Spirit,
I be abundantly blessed and

throughout the whole Terri-
sword tighter, lay aside all
he foe, determined to
d WIN.

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public service to every customer
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The Kildonan Industrial Home

Where Erring Girls Are Trained for Useful Service and Given a Chance to Make Good

By H. F. M. ROSS, a Winnipeg Journalist

I WOULD like to ask readers of the "War Cry" to make a trip with me to visit the Industrial Home of The Salvation Army in West Kildonan in order to see the way in which the Officers of The Army seek to train and educate the girls who are sent to that Institution. The Home is open to visitors and it can easily be reached, since it is quite close to North Main Street.

The red brick building which is used as the Home stands back about 200 yards from Main street, well down toward the Red River.

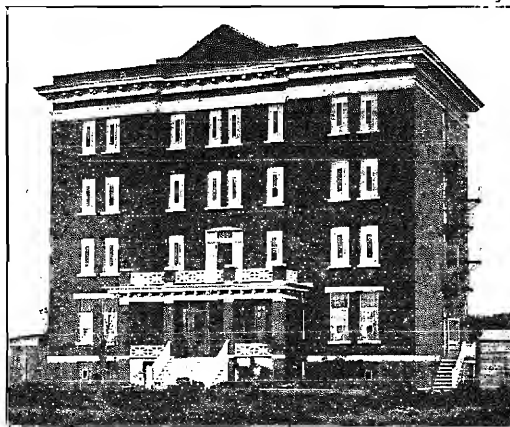
The building is a nearly-square red brick structure, four stories high with basement, well lighted and of good appearance, very substantially built. It stands alone, and there is therefore no obstruction either to air or light.

useful work. We must begin at the beginning with them, and teach them everything in the way of home keeping.

"All the girls who come here must do everything that is done in a good home. All our floors are scrubbed every day, and the girls must do this work. There are also beds to be made, dusting to be done, dishes to be washed, food to be prepared, and all this work is done in turn by all the girls.

Learning to be Industrious

"During part of the morning and part of the afternoon the girls gather in the general sitting room and spend some hours sewing, knitting or engage in some form of fancy work. We make it a rule that all this work



The Women's Industrial Institution at Kildonan

On the left of the building, there is a frame house, erected at an earlier date, now occupied by the caretaker of the Institution and occasionally used for general purposes, either by inmates or by Officers.

At the doorway to the Institution I was met by Adjutant Sharrocks.

In the entry to the building I was also met by Brigadier Goodwin, who is the supervising Officer for all the Social Institutions for women between Port Arthur and the Pacific coast.

In the interior of the building we entered first an office on the right, and later went through a dining room into a sitting room to the left. This parlor is comfortably furnished, not too well, but well enough, and is a very suitable apartment for the purposes for which it is intended, a home and place of rest for Officers who are kept very busy through the day. All the Officers live in the building, and are consequently always on duty. The number of Officers in the Institution is six.

Regarding as a School
In the parlor, the two ladies told me fully about the Institution. Brigadier Goodwin intimated that some changes had been made in the institution when Adjutant Sharrocks took charge. One of these was the introduction of a more perfect program for the work of the day and a better system of order. The girls now rise at a fixed hour, seven in the winter and 6:30 in the summer, and live on a schedule through the day. The Institution is regarded as a school, rather than as a place of detention and punishment.

"These girls who come to us," said Adjutant Sharrocks, "has a rule knowing whatever of house work. They are girls coming from homes where no instruction is given and no care taken to prepare them for

must be kept perfectly clean, so clean that it will not be necessary to wash it when it is complete.

"The entire day is not spent in work and there is as much recreation as seems possible and necessary. We play ball every day through the summer, and for the winter we have a toboggan slide and other sports.

"You will see that although this is a detention home, a place to which many girls are sentenced by the court, it is a prison of a quite unusual kind. The house is not locked any more than a private residence and if a girl is disposed to escape, she could readily do so. We put all the girls on their honor.

"At this time of the year especially, they have the opportunity to do a little shopping and they often do this quite alone. No girl has ever failed us when trusted in this way. We occasionally send a girl from the home to the city. Often two of the girls go together. Still more often groups of girls go to the city with an Officer. They often part in a city store, agree to meet again at a fixed time. We have never had any trouble with the girls under these circumstances.

"Not only do we seek to train the girls in the work of home keeping and prepare them for domestic services or other useful work, we also seek very earnestly to bring about in their lives a definite religious experience. We, of course, have our services each week and we have our morning and evening prayer service every day. All the girls attend these services and take part to some extent.

"We do succeed in training the girls in all forms of house work and we accustom them to the duties which they must perform after they leave us if they are to make any success in life. The routine of the home from month

to month accomplishes this result. We also succeed in many cases in leading the girls to a religious experience which has its deep effect on all their future life and conduct.

"We have had many remarkable illustrations of the change in the conduct, spirit and behaviour of the young girls. As an illustration we had a girl come to the home, a young girl, quite young, with such a string of offences, chiefly in the way of theft, that it seemed incredible. I had her down and questioned her with reference to these thefts. 'Yes,' she said, 'I did it.' 'Did you steal this gold watch?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said, 'I did.' 'Did you steal the \$50?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I did.' So on through the list. She had committed all these various offences.

Can be Trusted Now

"This girl evinced a remarkable change in the home, and I have sent her down to the city on numerous occasions, with money, and on business errands, and she has invariably discharged the commissions promptly, and returned. We estimate that at least 60 per cent of the girls do well when they leave. The percentage may be over but it is not under 60.

"We call our place an Industrial Home. It might be termed a prison, since all the girls are sentenced here for offences, but it is a prison of the newer type. We do the teaching I have referred to, but we think we have an advantage in the fact that it is recognized that The Army is an organization of a positive and definite religious character, fully committed to religious work and seeking the conversion of every girl who comes to us. It is a prison without a restraining wall and without locks. It is rather a home and a school with definite religious teaching and the spirit of religious life. The aim in view and the purpose of the Institution is not punishment, but education and redemption."

We went through the house. In the basement plumbers were at work putting in a new pump. The house, which has no city water, pumps much of its supply from this well, and gets a quantity of soft water from the roof.

The laundry is in the basement. We inspected the roof house, an isolated part of the basement, filled with fine potatoes which were raised on the grounds during the summer. In the store room there were large quantities of preserved fruit which the girls had put up in the season.

On the ground floor we visited the dining room and the kitchen. Both are nice rooms, large enough, and well lighted.

On the second floor of the building we came to the large sitting room where the girls were engaged in sewing, knitting, etc., and here I got the great surprise of the visit, instead of a group of elderly, hard faced women. I saw bright young smiling girls who might have been the pupils in an academy.

Improve in Appearance

"Their appearance improves very greatly after they have spent a few months in the home," explained the Adjutant. "Regular hours, regular employment and proper food does a great deal for them." On a table in the hall the Adjutant showed me samples of the girls' work. There were many fancy handkerchiefs, knitted suits for children, embroidered table pieces, and many similar articles.

On the third and fourth floors of the building we saw the bedrooms of the girls. These look out to the east and the west and are all bright. There are either two or three narrow beds in each room and little other furniture.

The Institution is not a large one, and this is regarded as an admirable feature. It is small enough to be a home, and it is a better home than most of the inmates have known.

That this Institution of The Salvation Army is a great success cannot be doubted. If it did not exist, most of the girls who are held there would be in a common jail, or in a penitentiary. The cost to the taxpayers of the province would be increased and the position of the girls would be incalculably worse.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder.....William Booth
General.....Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Commissioner Henry C. Hodder,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor.

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sum of \$2.50 prepaid.

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Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside
Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

International Newslets

Lady St. Heller recently placed her
drawing-room in the West End of Lon-
don at the disposal of The Army for a
Meeting, which was addressed by
Mrs. Major Bernard Booth.

Police-Sergeant Jenkinson, of Bath-
urst, Australia, a Bandsman of the
local Corps, has been lecturing in the
local jail, nearly 300 men being pres-
ent on the last occasion, when the
Governor of the Prison presided.

A party of Indian Officers who have
been touring in Australia took leave
to their homeland sufficient instru-
ments to form a Brass Band, the gift
of Bands in the Australian Territories.

The Motor Ambulance which tours
the Western Indian Territory dealing
with eye troubles, attends to eighty
cases a day.

A pioneer Officer is to be sent into
the Mount Darwin District, South Af-
rica, where the natives are immersed
in heathen practices.

On Self-Denial business in Queens-
land, Australia, where the Annual Ef-
fort takes place in the fall, some Of-
ficers encountered a hailstorm, during
which the hailstones were as big as
apples. Their car was miraculously
preserved, and after the storm pro-
ceeded over what looked like an ice-
field, with the hail from six to eight
inches deep.

A convert of Wainfleet, Eng., has,
since conversion, personally invited all
the people in the village in which she
lives to go with her to The Army.

The "Gotland" Steamer Company,
of Sweden, recently gave Life-Saving
Scouts free passages from various
towns to the centres chosen for Ral-
lies.

A ten-inch X-ray machine has been
installed in The Army's Bethesda Hos-
pital, Melbourne.

Seven Swedish Corps have recently
celebrated their thirty-fifth anniver-
saries.

Charged at Altringham, Eng., with
obstructing while holding Open-Air
Meetings, the Local Corps Officer was
summoned before the police court. The
magistrate, after hearing the case dis-
missed it.

Amongst recent patients at The
Army's Eye Hospital, Semarang,
Dutch East Indies, was an uncle of
the Queen of Siam.

silently in the prayer meeting, and in-
dulging in personal dealing. By these
means one shall taste the joys of lead-
ing a soul to God, our compassion will
become enlarged, and our zeal for the
honor of God will eat us up. If we do
this, there is no doubt that 1924
will be a good year to us. We shall
have made progress in Divine life;
The Army will have been strengthened
and God glorified.

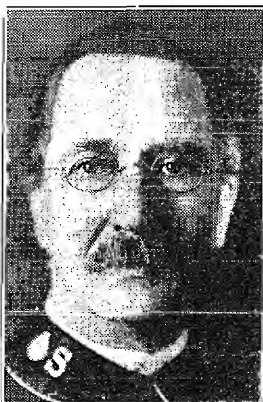
'His Best to Follow God

PEOPLE have no idea what they
miss when they refuse to follow God
into a path of seeming difficulty and
trial. The first forty years were God's
training for Moses; but the second
would have been self-chosen, and
therefore would have only served to
unlearn the lessons of the first. God
asks for action—after He has given
experience.

"Had Moses failed to go—had God
For him no leadership to win,
No pillared fire, no magic rod,
No wonders in the land of Zin;
No smiting of the sea, no tears
Ecstatic shed on Sinai's steep;
No Nebo, with a God to keep
His burial—only forty years
Of desert, watching with his sheep."

NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE FROM THE COMMISSIONER

Hallelujah! All glory to God! We are privileged to
enter upon a New Year, 1924 for us has been glorious. It has
been a year of triumph. Thousands of souls have been saved



Commissioner Hodder

and all branches of our
work show signs of ad-
vance. This is as it
should be.
Many of our Com-
rades during the year
have had their sor-
rows, sicknesses, dis-
appointments, a new
worst of all bereave-
ments, but God lives,
and we shall live. Be
of good cheer, and rest
assured that we re-
main in Him. All
things work together
for good.

**WHAT ABOUT
1924?** Enter into a
fresh consecration, a
new Covenant, and go
forward to greater tri-
umphs. Not only give
Him what you think is
the best you have, but
all you have. The little
can be made much when placed in His hands, as in the case
of the loaves and the fishes. It was all they had, and He made
it enough and to spare. Even the boy who gave his little
was satisfied. All had a good feed and he saw thousands of
others fed from his gift, with plenty to spare.
Our Father is great in His mercies and rich in His bless-
ings. Make it a year of helping the Lord and verily as you
give you shall receive. Give in love, give in devotion, give
in consecrated service, and give in substance. Prove Me, He
says, and see if I will not open the heavens and pour out
such a blessing as there shall not be room to contain it. Our
Army must go forward! The world must be won!

An Enrolment in Prison

The Commissioner Conducts Unique Service in
Manitoba Provincial Jail

A service which was unique in the
annals of Salvation Army operations
in Canada was conducted by the Com-
missioner at the Manitoba Provincial
Jail on Sunday, December 23. The main
feature of it was the enrolment of one of
the prisoners as a Salvation Army Soldier.
This comrade was converted some months
ago as a result of the Army meetings in
the Jail, and his consistent life since has
proved the reality of the change that has
been wrought in him. He is the leader of
a Bible Class among the inmates and is
striving to let his light shine for God as
much as possible under the circumstances
in which he finds himself.

The enrolment was a most impressive
one; the setting being absolutely new so
far as this country is concerned. Visual-
ize the scene: The newly enrolled
Soldier, in prison garb, kneeling on the
platform with his hand clasped in that
of the Commissioner as he prays; League
of Mercy Sergeant Major Mrs. McKenzie
standing behind with the Army Flag
upraised; the half circle of Army Officers;
the audience of prisoners, men and women,
all intensely interested in the proceedings.
It was a sight calculated to stir one's
emotions, and to call forth feelings of
thankfulness to God that He had thus
blessed the ministrations of the Army to
those in prison.

"I have been in many prisons in many
parts of the world," said the Commissioner
"but in all my experience I have never
had the privilege of enrolling a Salvation
Soldier while there."

He then read the Articles of War and
commented on the excellent principles and
fine teachings they contained. He also
seized the opportunity to point out to the

other prisoners that if they got converted
and became Salvationists it would be
much better for them individually and
better for the world at large for it would
mean that much sin would be avoided,
with the consequent woe and sorrow
following in its train. For their en-
couragement he related some stories of
some who had sunk very low in sin being
changed through a living union with
Christ and rising to be good and success-
ful men.

Addressing the man to be enrolled he
said, "As representing the General of the
Salvation Army I am pleased to welcome
you as a Salvation Army Soldier. You
have made a good start; you have lived
a good life since your conversion; you
have shed a good influence among your
fellow prisoners. I trust God will give
you much of His presence; may you ever
feel Him near you, and may you prove to
all that your Salvation is real. Set God
first and be a good Salvationist and He
will bless you abundantly."

He then presented the newly enrolled
Soldier with the Articles of War and
offered prayer on his behalf.

Lieut-Colonel Morris, the Chief Sec-
retary, spoke briefly on what is meant by
being a Salvationist, and urged the other
prisoners to start on the same road as
their comrade.

A Bible address by the Commissioner
held the close interest of his audience as
he spoke of sin and its consequences,
and the call of God to all to repent, but
they might be forgiven. When de-
votions were called for one man raised his hand.
Brigadier Sims, the Men's Social
Secretary and Major Allen also took
part in this service.

Commissioner

Week-end Meetings at
at Glen Vowell and
Sunday at I

AFTER a rather rough voyage we
arrived at Prince Rupert on Saturday,
December 1st, where Captain and Mrs.
Coleman warmly received us.

The first meeting took place on Saturday
evening in our own Hall and was a bright
and interesting gathering. On Sunday
the howling wind and steady downpour
of rain made it impossible for many to



Mr. McLELLAN, M.L.A.,
who presided at the Commissioner's Meeting
at Edmonton.

venture out, but those who braved the
storm and attended the morning Holiness
service, were amply repaid by the Com-
missioner's stimulating message.

The afternoon service took the nature
of a public welcome. His Worship Mayor
Newton presided and, in spite of the in-
clement weather, a very fine company
gathered at the Citadel to listen to the
Commissioner's interesting lecture, "The
Army in many Lands." It was an in-
structive revelation of the Army's world
wide accomplishments. Mayor Newton
assured our Leader of the valuable work
carried on by our Officers and Soldiers,
and in a most cordial manner bespoke
the public's pleasure at the Commissioner's
visit to this far-flung seaport city.

Again at night the people turned out
in a commendable manner, considering
the continuous rain and wind, and two
souls were registered at the Mercy Seat.

Through the Pouring Rain

On Monday morning the Commissioner
and party went to Old Metlakatla, some
eight miles over the stormy waters, to
visit our Native comrades. The weather
being so rough, they were not expecting
us, and were more than ever pleased when
our little gas boat appeared. Owing to
the absence of a proper landing place we
had to go ashore in a small row boat.
It was a risky yet amusing sight to watch
the landing in the pouring rain, but the
meeting that followed fully repaid any
momentary inconvenience. The beating
of the drum announced the service and
shortly, from all directions, the people
came to see their great chief and receive
from his lips words of inspiration and
cheer. The journey back to Prince
Rupert was even more boisterous; the
little boat dipped and rolled with the
mighty billows, but we reached land
safely. Praise God!

Leaving Prince Rupert on Monday
evening we boarded the C. N. R. train and
at 3 a. m. the following morning arrived
at Hazelton, where we found Captain
Houghton on hand. The town being
several miles from the station it neces-
sitated a ride in the reputable Ford car
over rough frozen roads which winded
down precipitous hills and over rattling
bridges while the stars and hazy moon
looked down compassionately upon us.
Reaching the hotel we found our way to

Editorial Notes

The Passing of a Year

THERE is something that is very
solemn in the passing of a year—
for it goes beyond recall. You can
never bring it back. Gone, irretriev-
ably gone! Now, dear reader, we
should like to ask you to consider the
past year. What have you done for
yourself and your God in it? Are you
a better man or woman than you were
this time last year? Has the year,
with its opportunities and blessings
been utilized by you for good? If so,
it is well, but if not, we want you to
remember this fact, that although you
cannot recall the past, you can make
use of the future.

An Eternal Truth

LOOK back over the past year. Has
it been good or evil with you?
Has it been one of adversity or pros-
perity? Review it, and learn by it.
If it has been ill with you, what has
been the cause. Say ye to the right-
eous it shall be well with him, and to
the wicked, it shall be ill with him,
has been spoken by God, and is an
eternal truth that will stand when the
mountains shall melt with a fervent
heat and when time shall be no more.
Act upon this great truth. Let it be
the principle upon which you govern
your conduct, and you will find that
the coming year will be holier and
happier than the past has been.

We Reap as We Sow

THEN to you who are the Lord's,
and who strive day by day to shape
your lives into conformity with His
will, what have you been doing dur-
ing the past year in the way of win-
ning souls and extending God's King-
dom? Has it been as productive of
good as you would like it to have
been? No! Then do not forget that
we reap in just the same measure as
we sow. If we sow plentifully in the
way of putting forth direct and ac-
tive effort to save souls, we shall
reap in like measure. Let us review
the past and resolve for the future.

A Passion for Souls

OUR New Year's message to all our
readers, is to cultivate a deep
love, a passion for converting souls
from sin to grace. We do not believe
that there is any one thing that is so
productive of love to God and man;
that creates sympathy in our nature;
that drives us more to prayer, or en-
ables us to lose sight of our own sor-
rows and difficulties, as the passion to
mitigate the miseries of others by
leading them to Christ. Try it.

Can Be Cultivated

NOW, this is a grace that can be
given us by God, but like every
other Christly attribute, it is capable
of extensive cultivation. It is, how-
ever, absolutely necessary that we put
away from us anything like looking
at the faults of others and talking
about them; and undue love of our
own comfort; a shrinking from taking
up our cross, or a love of the world.
We can cultivate this Divine passion
by waiting at the throne of Grace for
a baptism of love; by talking to the
one who works beside us, about his
or her soul; by praying publicly and

Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder's Campaigns

Week-end Meetings at Prince Rupert--a Stormy Journey to Old Metlakatla--Among the Natives at Glen Vowell and Hazelton--Inspiring Gatherings at Prince George and Edson--Blessed Sunday at Edmonton--Fifty-seven Seekers--Five New Soldiers Enrolled

AFTER a rather rough voyage we arrived at Prince Rupert on Saturday, December 1st, where Captain and Mrs. Coleman warmly received us.

The first meeting took place on Saturday evening in our own Hall and was a bright and interesting gathering. On Sunday the howling wind and steady downpour of rain made it impossible for many to

our respective rooms by the aid of oil lamps.

By 9 a. m. we were on our way to Glen Vowell where our Mission station is situated on the banks of the famed Skeena River. Here we found Mrs. Houghton and Commandant Bryenton with beaming faces, all ready for the travellers.

The Sound of the Bell

The ringing of the large bell erected outside our Army Hall announced the first service and the Natives turned out in full force to meet the Commissioner. Another interesting and profitable meeting took place. At night from all directions lanterns could be seen swinging in the darkness as the Natives responded to the ringing bell and gathered with renewed desire for the last service. Happy mothers with little children tied securely upon their backs stroked into the Hall, even the aged with shaking limbs and sightless eyes groped their way through the darkness, and little children, with plenty of energy, mingled among the crowd and added their voices to the songs of praise. In that meeting seventeen decisions were recorded.

Captain and Mrs. Houghton are carrying on a fine work here in spite of adverse circumstances. They are Missionaries in the real sense of the word. Commandant Bryenton too is wielding her influence over the young people as she teaches and inculcates the principles of Christ into their lives.

Twenty-seven Decisions

The following day we visited Hazelton where the Commissioner conducted two meetings with the Natives which proved both advantageous and interesting. Twenty-seven decisions were recorded.

In the early hours of Thursday morning we were on our way to the station when the annoying sound of a puncture reached our ears and we were held up for a considerable time while the necessary adjustments were being made. At 2 a. m. we reached the station in time for the train however, and were soon on our way to Prince George.

A real frontier town is Prince George, surrounded by lumber camps and various activities that go to make a prosperous community. It was the Commissioner's first visit, thus a welcome meeting had been arranged, which took place in the Rex Theatre. His Worship Mayor Johnson had fully intended to preside but unforeseen circumstances had arisen and Mr. Wilson had been appointed to take his place, who filled the position in a most able manner.

Captain F. Garnett and Lieutenant Haslem made the most of this visit and a good crowd faced our Leaders and heartily welcomed them. Mr. Wilson spoke warmly of the Army's service to the community and reflected much credit upon our Officers' work.

Both the Commissioner and Mrs.

Hodder gave out of their lengthy careers messages of interest and real help. Apart from the general progress of the Army, they made clear the claims of God and appealed for immediate decisions.

After the regular meeting the Commissioner gathered the Soldiers and Recruits together and held a short but helpful session for their special benefit.

Here we parted with the Divisional Commander, Staff Captain Caruthers and boarded the East bound train.

Our next stop was Edson. It is termed the baby Corps of Northern Alberta and it is a fine youngster too, growing rapidly.

A very blessed Holiness meeting was held in the Citadel. In the afternoon the Commissioner gave a most interesting lecture on his experiences in Japan. His Honor Mr. McLellan presided. A very fine crowd assembled in the Rose Theatre. The Citadel Band rendered a lively selection.

Evening found the Commissioner and party at Strathcona where our No. 11 Corps is situated. Adjutant Otway and the Citadel Songsters added much to the success of the gathering in the recital of several selections. The message contained therein was not unfulfilling in blessing and



Mr. McLELLAN, M.L.A., who presided at the Commissioner's Meeting at Edmonton.

venture out, but those who braved the storm and attended the morning Holiness service, were amply repaid by the Commissioner's stimulating message.

The afternoon service took the nature of a public welcome. His Worship Mayor Newton presided and, in spite of the inclement weather, a very fine company gathered at the Citadel to listen to the Commissioner's interesting lecture, "The Army in many Lands." It was an instructive revelation of the Army's world wide accomplishments. Mayor Newton assured our Leader of the valuable work carried on by our Officers and Soldiers, and in a most cordial manner bespoke the public's pleasure at the Commissioner's visit to this far-famed seaport city.

Again at night the people turned out in a commendable manner, considering the continuous rain and wind, and two souls were registered at the Mercy Seat.

Through the Pouring Rain

On Monday morning the Commissioner and party went to Old Metlakatla, some eight miles over the stormy waters, to visit our Native comrades. The weather being so rough, they were not expecting us, and were more than ever pleased when our little gas boat appeared. Owing to the absence of a proper landing place we had to go ashore in a small row boat. It was a risky yet amusing sight to watch the landing in the pouring rain, but the meeting that followed fully repaid any momentary inconvenience. The beating of the drum announced the service and shortly, from all directions, the people came to see their great chief and receive from his lips words of inspiration and cheer. The journey back to Prince Rupert was even more boisterous; the little boat dipped and rolled with the mighty billows but we reached land safely. Praise God!

Leaving Prince Rupert on Monday evening we boarded the C. N. R. train and at 3 a. m. the following morning arrived at Hazelton, where we found Captain Houghton on hand. The town being several miles from the station it necessitated a ride in the reputable Ford car over rough frozen roads which winded down precipitous hills and over rattling bridges while the stars and hazy moon looked down compassionately upon us. Reaching the hotel we found our way to



Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder and Brigadier Coombs at Prospect Point, overlooking entrance to Vancouver Harbor.

Here the Commissioner met the Soldierly at a welcome tea.

A rousing Open-air service in which no less than thirty-one Soldiers, Recruits and adherents took part preceded the inside meeting. The march headed by the small but efficient Band, made quite a stir and attracted many to the meeting.

An Enrolment

One of the pleasing duties of the Commissioner was to enroll five new Soldiers. This part of the service made a deep impression upon all. It was a bright service charged with holy enthusiasm and the message from our Leader blessed every heart. Five surrenders were recorded.

Captain Fred Dorin and Lieutenant McGilivray are putting in a good foundation here. The Commissioner looked into the possibilities of a new Hall and gave reasons for this being an accomplished fact, much to the delight of Officers and Soldiers.

The last Sunday of this lengthy tour was spent at Edmonton. In the morning

prepared the way for the Commissioner's searching appeal. This day of outstanding blessing closed with six souls at the Mercy Seat.

On Monday evening the Commissioner met the City Soldiers in the Citadel. It is always a pleasing duty for him to meet the rank and file in this manner, who, after all, share in the real hard fighting and stand for so much. He can enter fully into their experiences and seems to impart just the very message they need. Such was the case on Monday evening. It proved the place of fresh power and determination, the season of Divine revelation and altogether a real profitable climax to the whole tour.

T. Mundy, Ensign.

Pars of Interest

The Commissioner presided at a musical program given at Grace Hospital on Monday, December 24, and distributed useful gifts to the inmates and infants.

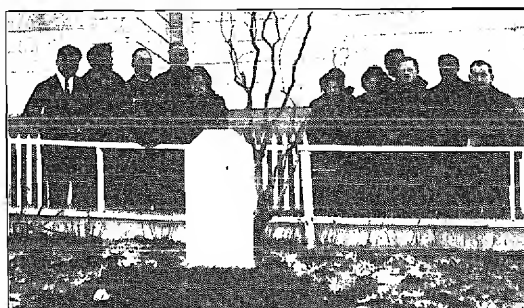
Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder, accompanied by a musical party from Territorial Headquarters, will visit Stony Mountain Penitentiary on New Year's morning.

In the afternoon the Commissioner will preside at a Young People's Rally in the No. 1 Citadel.

Brigadier Goodwin presided at the Christmas dinner and festivities at the Klondike Industrial Home on Christmas Day.

The Winnipeg Citadel Band gave a musical program at Government House on Christmas Eve, by the kind invitation of Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. The various numbers were broadcasted by radio and gave pleasure to a wide circle of people.

On Sunday, December 23rd, a baby girl was welcomed to the home of Adjutant and Mrs. Russell Clarke, of the Subscriber's Department, T.H.Q.



Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder with Lieut.-Colonel Taylor and party of Officers and Comrades at the grave of Father Duncan, at Metlakatla.

MAGAZINE PAGE

History, Current Events, Science, Travel, Exploration

Amazing War Statistics

IN the issuing of a large volume of war statistics from the British War Office recently, some interesting, if not amazing, facts have come to light. The diffused operations of the war are strikingly suggested by the following statement:

Failing to cope with the demand for cork helmets, one factory ran a night shift of women workers with the result that the requirements were met and a reserve of 500,000 was accumulated. For soldiers' needs in another climate 4,000 pairs of skis and 10,000 pairs of snowshoes were supplied.

What the war taught pathology and surgery in regard to both man and beast was carefully recorded and circulated by the National Salvage Department. In Egypt and beyond, the Veterinary Corps established camel hospitals and 61,232 camels were patients in them.

Interesting figures are also given in connection with rewards. The honor chart showing that Victoria Crosses, the highest military reward in the empire, were bestowed on 578. British decorations conferred on the allied and associated armies amounted to 20,974. Orders and decorations conferred on the British armies by the allies and associated powers totalled 26,893.

Destroying the Liquor Appetite

PROHIBITIONISTS will be interested in the statements made by Dr. Paul Kammerer, a Viennese physical scientist, to the effect that the next generation of Americans will be born without any desire for alcoholic liquor if the dry law is continued in force. There is a tendency in some quarters to regard the whole question of prohibition enforcement as purely a contest between two opposing parties, either one of which may finally win. This is a false point of view, because the prohibition forces have the great tendency of right on their side, a fact which insures their ultimate victory.

King David's Fortification Discovered

The discovery of ancient Millo is one that should be of considerable interest to Bible students. Millo is mentioned in the Biblical description of King David's fortifications in the Jebusite citadel he had captured. The Bible mentions that he built "round about from Millo and inward." It was always conjectured that Millo was some kind of solid tower, or else a dam, "filling" the opening of the bottom of the Tyropean valley. Until now all this was mere guesswork, and only excavation could give enlightenment as to what Millo really was. Professor Macalister, leader of the excavating expedition, seems to have excellent prospects of being able to supply the world with precise data, the importance of which will be clear to all students of Biblical history.

Perhaps So

PASSENGER—"I say, driver, what is the average life of a locomotive?"

Driver—"Oh, about thirty years, sir."

Passenger—"I should think such a tough-looking thing would last longer than that."

Driver—"Well, perhaps it would, sir, if it didn't smoke so much."

The Good Old Coaching Days

What They Did in the West Before the Railroad Came

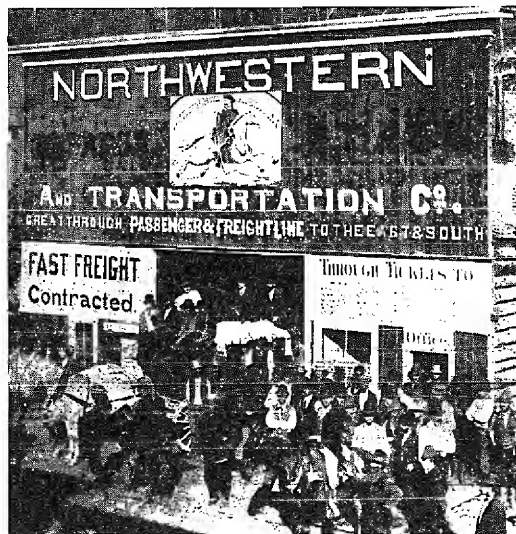
TRAVELLERS of today who accept the luxurious accommodation of the Pullman coach or the easy convenience of the tourist sleeper with the utmost equanimity scarcely ever think of the tortuous means of locomotion which were adopted in the "good old days."

When Winnipeg was scarcely of any size at all and before the advent of the railroad the stage coach loomed large in the traveller's horizon. An interesting account is given by a noted writer who described part of the journey from St. Paul to Winnipeg, a total distance of 650 miles. He writes:

"About three o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 8, 1861, I stood at the door, solitary, save for the com-

plaint undulations of the rolling prairie; but every stream along the 'bush,' as it was called, cut down to afford smooth transit to wheeled vehicles.

"At intervals we stopped at halting places to change horses, and about two o'clock reached a house situated on the open plain, where a very acceptable dinner awaited us. . . . The long summer day was far gone before we came in sight of St. Cloud, a goal much desired, as a thunderstorm threatened us, and our vehicle was heavily laden with iron and steel agricultural implements which, neatly arranged in a pile on the roof, might have subjected us to some risk from



An early-day stage coach which was used to carry mail and passengers from Fargo before Winnipeg was connected with the world by rail. The photograph was taken over half a century ago and shows well the high boots, rough felt hats and costumes of pioneer days.

pany of a yawning porter in charge of my luggage, awaiting the coach. "At last it appeared in sight, lurching slowly along over the steep irregular street. It was a spacious, comfortable old vehicle, constructed to contain nine inside, and, I think, three outside passengers. It was drawn by four fine horses.

"Early as was the hour, I was not the first passenger it had received that morning and, on entering it, I found two gentlemen already in possession of the choice seats, to which their timely precaution in securing them at that early stage of the journey gave them a valid right, good for the duration of whatever part of the five days' trip they should go.

"The passengers whose names were on the 'way-bill' having been all taken on 'board,' our vehicle turned its back upon the city of St. Paul and proceeded towards the western plains. The road was merely a track, following the

one of the blinding lightning flashes common in Minnesota thunderstorms. We had travelled about 80 miles in 17 hours."

Another account somewhat amusing is given at a later date (1873) by an old-time resident of Winnipeg. He says, describing a trip from Fargo to Winnipeg:

"There was room for six inside, and one passenger up with the driver. The express and the passengers' baggage were carried in a rack behind. The driver was an independent individual—if you found fault with the speed his horses were walking, he would go slow for pure contrariness. Once a passenger worked himself up to such a pitch that he jumped off the stage, which was going at a walk, and invited the driver to fight. The driver whipped the horses up and left him on the trail, and he had to walk the balance of the way into Winnipeg—twelve miles.

Mennonites in Mexico

MENNONITE colonists from the prairies of Western Canada are reported to be making a brave stand in the vicinity of Chihuahua, Mexico. So hopeful of ultimate success as the 5,000 or more pioneers of this movement that they are preparing lands for as many more colonists who are waiting for the word to begin the long trek southward. From all accounts the immigrant farmers have found that which they so long sought in their tireless march. In Mexico, apparently, they have been permitted to establish their own local political and social government, with the assurance that no civic demands will be made upon them so long as they maintain their own orderly community regulations and pay their taxes.

More Safety Fire Rules

All unused stove pipe holes should be protected with a proper metal stopper, made for the purpose. When papering a room never place the paper over an open stove pipe hole.

Gasoline should never be kept or used in the house. Gasoline is more dangerous than dynamite. If your house is heated with stoves, take every precaution that your pipes are safe and floors protected; if heated by hot air see that dust and floor sweepings are not allowed to accumulate under hot air or cold air registers.

Rubber tubing should not be used on gas connections, use flexible metal tubing, or rigid pipes with proper screw couplings. The rubber connections, through time, get loose and the rubber tubing cracks with usage, thereby allowing the gas to escape.

Sundry Snippets

THERE'S no forgetting to go to the polls in Czechoslovakia. Voting is required by law and either one takes part in the elections or suffers punishment because of failure to do so. In certain extreme cases, excuses are accepted, but these are very exceptional. Failure to vote is punished by a fine.

More than \$1,000,000,000 were added by Americans to their total savings in banking institutions of all kinds during the year ended June 30, 1923, the annual report of the savings bank division, American Bankers Association shows. This is an increase of six per cent over the year previous.

The total value of the furs and pelts taken in Canada during 1923 was \$16,458,621. In order of value, muskrat came first, followed by beaver, mink, marten and fox. The average price paid for pelts of beaver was \$18.58, muskrat \$1.35, otter \$2.26, white fox \$30.70, silver fox \$147.50.

Julius Caesar is said to have dictated his letters to scribes, who set them down with the stylus on wax coated tablets, and that he could dictate three letters at once, no matter how weighty or involved were the matters with which they dealt.

Three buffaloes are being sent from the Buffalo park, Wainwright, Alberta, to Auckland, New Zealand, where they will be placed in the Zoological Gardens near that city.

Christmas Morning Service

Conducted by the Chief Secretary at the Winnipeg Citadel

A fine crowd attended the Christmas morning service held in the Winnipeg Citadel.

Led by the Chief Secretary the Meeting was of unflagging interest from the start, when the audience joined in singing the old carol "Angels from the realms of Glory." Captains Houghton and Irwin, and the Cadets' Band provided music with a decidedly Christmas flavor. Visitors from outside points were noticeable, and among these was Envoy Neil.

Given opportunity of testifying, the comrades responded in a most delightful manner. One brother fairly danced as he praised God for deliverance from the drink habit. Others told of similar victories. Adjutant Steele led the singing during the giving of the testimonies.

Prior to the message given by the Chief Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Taylor had a few words in which he made a plea for the friendless and unthought of folks. Colonel Morris then retold the charming story of the angels' appearance to the shepherds and the melody which has echoed and re-echoed in countless hearts ever since the theme of the wondrous song was realized.

A Young Wanderer

Finds His Way to the Winnipeg Detention Home on Christmas Day Just in Time for a Good Dinner

At the Detention Home an interesting incident occurred on Christmas Day. Just as the children were about to sit down to their dinner of roast turkey and mince pie, a little chubby faced boy, dressed in warm furs, was brought to the fellow had got lost. While his relations were being located the wee stranger's outer garments were removed and in very short time he was thoroughly at home with his new found acquaintances.

Asked, with a twinkle in his eye, by Adjutant Carter the superintendent how many of the juvenile inmates would like to give up their Christmas dinner for the newcomer every hand went up in quick assent. No one however went short of the good things on the table.

A much relieved and astonished grandparent came at length for the little fellow and found him very loath to leave his new found friends. "I didn't know there was such an institution in the city," he said as he took his leave, accompanied by the rosy cheeked lad. "You'll hear from me again," he said. The grandfather had been searching for the missing boy for a considerable time and tears of gratitude were in his eye at finding the boy was safe and with friends.

Christ in Chinese Schools

The interest with which the youth of China is regarding the message of Salvation through Jesus Christ is strikingly illustrated by the account of one boy who came from one of the schools to purchase fifty-two copies of the Gospel of St. John from the local Army Officer. Two hours later he returned for twenty-six further copies, and in the early afternoon returned again to purchase a further seventy-five. A fourth time he came, accompanied by a group of scholars and bought another hundred of the little books. Still again he knocked at the Officer's door until his purchase totalled 283 copies. There are three hundred boys in his school, so almost every one possessed the good news of Salvation by this time. Next day the scholar arrived with further orders, bringing his total up to 309. On the following Sunday he wanted more, and when the Officer explained that no sales were effected on the Lord's day he stopped to The Army meeting and was much impressed. The thought of these eager lads searching the Scriptures for the first time fills the heart with a great hope for the future of China.



Exploration

Annunites in Mexico

ANNUNITE colonists from the west of Canada are to be making a brave stand in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, of ultimate success as the more pioneers of this movement they are preparing and many more colonists who are for the word to begin the long march. From all accounts the colonists have found that they are long sought in their march. In Mexico, apparently, it has been permitted to establish a local political and social system, with the assurance that demands will be made upon long as they maintain their community regulations and their taxes.

Safe Fire Rules

Used stove pipe holes should be made for the purpose. When a room never place the paper stove pipe hole. The stove should never be kept or the house. Gasoline is more than dynamite. The house is heated with stoves, take precaution that your pipes and floors protected; if heated with stoves, that dust and flour are not allowed to accumulate in air or cold air registers, tubing should not be used connections, use flexible metal or rigid pipes with proper couplings. The rubber couplings, get loose and use, following the gas to escape.

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Christmas Cheer in Winnipeg

The citizens of Winnipeg responded most generously this year to the appeal of the "Pots," the magnificent sum of \$5,964 being received from this source, thus creating a new record for this western metropolis. Nearly a thousand bags containing meat, fruit, groceries and toys were distributed on Christmas Eve, some five thousand people thus receiving a share of this Christmas cheer who would otherwise have spent the season in dire distress. Four hundred men were also given a good dinner and a thousand children received moccasins and scarves.

An appeal by letter was also made to friends of The Army for the purpose of creating a fund to relieve poor families throughout the winter months.

It is not thought advisable to concentrate all effort on Christmas cheer, with no thought of hard days ahead. Salvation Army relief is continuous—not a mere seasonal effort.

WAS he dreaming? Would he soon wake up? Was it really a Manitoba December day? The "War Cry" representative sent out to glean odd scraps of information wearily passed his hand over his forehead as he paused before

many interesting turns. The guardian of one kettle, lifting up his eyes on one occasion saw three dainty little misses step down from a passing street car. So neatly dressed were they—and all alike in wee fur coats and toques—that the



'Twas the day before Christmas

A busy scene at the Men's Hostel on Logan Avenue, Winnipeg, as the sacks of Christmas cheer were being carried out to the waiting vans. The Commissioner will be noted in the photo taking great interest in the proceedings, also the Chief Secretary and the Men's Social Secretary.

an Army relief kettle on Portage Avenue. The object of his bewilderment was a group of youngsters gathered around the kettle all eating ice cream cones.

Compared with former years the Cadets, who were on duty at the various stands situated at strategic points in the downtown district, had a sure and certain "snap." Dame Nature smiled benevolently upon them by offering in plentiful quantities sunshine and mild weather, and also clean dry sidewalks to stand on. The Cadets "pitched in" with hearty good will, jingling their sleighbells and inviting the passers by to contribute to the kettles, in stentorian tones. Living up to their former generous traditions the Winnipeg public responded by keeping the pot "a boiling" in fine style.

"Say mister, I feel as though I want to be always putting sumpt'n in your kettle," said a newsie selling his wares near to one of the stands. He thereupon deposited another nickel through the wire screen with evident satisfaction. "Paper, boy," gruffed a passer by, in his hurry letting the coin fall on the ground where it rolled out of sight. "Never mind looking for it, here's another," said the customer moving on. The newsie however searched diligently and successfully for the lost nickel, and that too went in the pot.

The generosity of the children shows

interest of the kettle sentinel was enlivened by a second glance. The trio headed straight for the sign of "The Smiling Santa" produced three diminutive purses, emptied the contents of the same into the receptacle



LOADING UP WITH CHRISTMAS CHEER

and sallied away again with dimpled smiles of juvenile gratification.

"Ho hum! business is mighty slow this morning," exclaimed another Cadet, smothering a capacious yawn behind the hollow of his hand. "Been here two hours and scarcely seen that many dollars donated." His discouraging meditations were suddenly broken into by the welcome rustle of a crisp bill. As the donor strode away the Cadet observed with a smile of satisfaction that the greenback which nestled amongst the meagre pile of coppers and silver bore the distinguishing mark of X.

Sympathy for the good cause was not wanting in any direction. "May I please ring your bells for you?" lisped a wee lassie to the astonished Cadet just outside a large departmental store. "Why to be sure," said the Cadet. Taking firm hold of the bell strap the girlie juggled away to her heart's content and to the amusement of the crowd. The kettle boiled furiously.

A pleasing feature was that the Christmas spirit did not extend merely the few days before Christmas. Many of the Winnipeg firms had departments which had been saving for a considerable time in order to make poor folks happy at Christmas. Specialists in hundreds and thousands with the latest Burroughs comptometer at their beck and call yet the audit department girls of the T. Eaton Company did not despise the common unit. From the first day of 1923 they had been saving their coppers and were able to add considerable weight to the Fund. Over ten dollars was contributed.

On the eve of Christmas, curiosity was stirred up by the introduction of a dog train loaned by Mr. McLean, a Winnipeg business man. Drawn through the main streets with a Santa Claus seated in the sleigh it was a source of interest to the watchers on the sidewalks.

The packing up of the nine hundred or more hampers constituted a task of mammoth proportions. At the Logan Avenue Hostel under the direction of Major Allen, the Officers' wives, Comrades and Young People worked with untiring energy, some toiling all one night in order to get everything in complete readiness.

The supplies included seven tons of beef, one ton of sugar, three-quarters of a ton of plum pudding, three-quarters of a ton of nuts, 40 crates of apples 40 crates of oranges, 900 cans of milk, 900 pounds of butter, 300 pounds of chicken for the sick, 450 pounds of tea, and other supplies on a similar scale.

The cotton containers for the distribution have for many years been furnished free by the Woods Manufacturing company.

The Union Transfer company donate the use of their motors to convey the hampers from the Hostel to the various Corps throughout the city.

The Greatest Giver

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain. Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth; For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice. And whose suffers most hath most to give.

Many Victories announced as "PRAY, WORK and WIN" Campaign advances

Mother Surrenders After Dedication

Ensign and Mrs. Acton

We are having busy days. The snio of work by the Home League produced a grandly sum. Scrambling by both the Senior and Junior Hinds as well as the Songster Brigade is in full force.

On Sunday morning the Ensign fully described the necessity of possessing Holiness in every walk of life. At the afternoon Meeting a mother and her children were present. The rich-tion and also volunteered for Salvation herself—truly a splendid way to begin training and carrying out her own life.

The next Sunday Morning Meeting was conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Cooper. Mrs. Major Gosling also being present. One Cornelia returned to renew her covenant with the Lord.

EDMONTON CITADEL
Commandant and Mrs. Weir

Owing to the very beautiful weather to continue the Open-Air Meetings and the crowd have been increased. The large number of men, women and children assembled at the Open-Air stand. A number follow to see Citadel. Some, alas, go away because we have not been able to get a better view of the building, before long to have a new Citadel large enough to meet our growing needs. The Hudson's Bay Co. has been very helpful and Musical Festival. The stand made its initial appearance and the programs were of great interest. Mrs. Weir has been very busy as Secretary. Bandmaster Len Jones has taken to himself a wife. Sister Eva Moffat and Bandmaster Jones are getting married in marriage to Sister Margaret Gully.

A soul-saving work has been going on, largely through the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Weir, and many are giving their mind for God. — A.

ESTEVAN

Four Won Through Visitation

Ensign and Mrs. Johnstone
We are having splendid Meetings at Estevan and much conviction is felt.
On Sunday the Ensign was asked to call and see a man seventy-four years of age who had been converted in his home as a result of our Officer's visitation. The Ensign called before the morning Open-Air and during his visit two sons and a niece of our aged brother sought and found God.—Mrs. A. S.

SELKIRK

Ensign Saunders and Lieutenant Parnell.

We have not had anything in the "Crest" for some time (thair, naid), and I am sure that the things we have seen were wiped off the map, but not for such thing.

Our sale of work took place recently when Mrs. J. L. Col. Morris, Mrs. McLean, Broodhead, Goodwin and several other friends from the city came to help and cheer us on our way. Brigadier Goodwin helping at the Corps staff. Sister Sturgeon was in charge of the collection. The sale of all the time and the money resulting from the sale was very satisfactory.

Guard Leulier Taylor is busy as usual in charge of the 12th Troop of the Grey and

Contents

and written on one side of the paper.
It is right at the close of the day's
to the Editor.
of your Corps and the names of your
in brothers in a good report.

NORTH SIDE (Edmonton)
Ensign and Mrs. Smith

We were much inspired by the visit of Commissioner Hodder when he told of his experiences in Japan. All enjoyed the gathering.

December 12th we held a Musical Festival in aid of our Band which was very successful. We had with us the city Ensign and Mr. Stewart, the new Social Officers here, and on Sunday they took charge of our Meeting which was very much enjoyed.—E. G. B.

MOUNT PLEASANT (Vancouver)

On Wednesday the Home League had a sale of work from which a handsome sum was realized. In the evening the Band furnished a splendid musical festival.—H. O.

Captain and Mrs. Jayce
Our Sunday's Meetings were rich in blessings when three souls came forward for Salvation. The Comrades were much inspired.
The Hume League sale conducted by Mrs. Jayce, who was assisted by Secretary Mrs. Brown, proved a great success with proceeds amounting to \$54.30.—B.

WEYBURN

WEYBURN
Captain and Mrs. Ren
 We are glad to report progress in our Corps. Seven souls have recently knelt at the Mercy Seat and found Salvation. Our Young People are taking their stand bravely and proving a great blessing. We are praying and believing that many souls will be won for the Kingdom through our united efforts.

LEITHBRIDGE

Six Souls at the Cross

Adjutant and Mrs. Marsland

Since our new Officers arrived God has been visiting this part of the vineyard and souls are being saved. At the Holiness Meeting recently after a time of rich blessing on

COMRADE!
—
We are counting
YOUR
help in spreading the
Good Tidings through
the medium of
The "War Cry"

COMRADE!

**We are counting on
YOUR
help in spreading the
Good Tidings through
the medium of
The "War Cry"**

PRINCE ALBERT
Fasten and Mrs. G. Mundy

We can report upon Meetings during last week and praise God for future Sunday night. In the morning Holiness Society, Kensington Mundy dedicated to God and The Army the family of Secretary and Mrs. Olufsen children in the morning. A very important Meeting. But the Secretary and Mrs. Olufsen spoke of God's goodness to them and the testimonies to the help of God in the trials of their children, were a blessing. The children were given very beautiful marks in keeping with the occasion, are instances of lives of great usefulness resulting from dedications in The Army.

The Emson spoke from the text, "I have the Father's name in me,"

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS

A British sailor, bawler on got into trouble at Port Said arrest after a brawl in a room three ruffians attempted to rescue him from his predicament. The appearance of the three men, policemen to let him go or not, saw him safely aboard ship. them first to a house where Army Missionaries, where they were holding a meeting that he heard so affected him that valian that day, kneeling in the of the warship just before he call. He at once told his conversion and that evening them on his saddle instead

CHAPTER I THE GEM OF THE RANEAN

A FEW days after the "cr" put to sea; much to the ship's company, who heartily tired of their Port Sall, and longer climes and more beautiful the cruiser steamed out long moles Duffy stood and gazed long and wisely reeding mud flats.

The "Sky Pilot," whose name was MacDonald, side.

"What are ye thinking of?" he said, breaking in the conversation.

"At the Cross, where the Light," was the only other, who was evincing a line of a well. Then he pointed across a strip of land to where Lake Menzaleh glittered in the light.

"Mac," he said, "only ago I was sinking in the waters and but for Christ have gone forever. I thank you for saving me but I never thanked God till just now. I can praise Him for rescue from the deep waters of my life I was struggling."

"Hallelujah," shouted an ardent Salvationist, attracted the attention of who was passing by and "Glad to be leaving you, I suppose, Mac?" "Oh, Mac, 'I'd live there all so doing God would give a reward; I was shouting the testimony of Duffy all."

"Thank God, I'm saved," said Duffy; "do you know I feel the same as Mac as you do." Said, though a few days moping around like a cat, wishing myself a thousand miles away. Salvation makes no difference in a man, even when new and the Port yonder is a spot on earth to me no more. There I was born again.

The petty officer was impressed by Duffy's speech, went on to see about it, and thought uppermost in his mind that he needed a change as much as Duffy did if he was to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

The "Barker" soon came aboard, and everyone on board was glad that the Island of Malta was in their destination. This was the first time since the war for the Mediterranean Sea. The boys all looked forward to seeing their comrades from the battleships and torpedo craft, and to having a fine time together.

"You'll be out of all right," said a stoker, "the boys will cut you up."

SALVATIONISTS, PREPARE! For a dashing, blood-and-fire, spirited attack on the strongholds of sin during 1924



The Bugler of the Barker: A Story of British Naval Life

By S. A. KIRKSPEN



SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER

A British sailor, bugler on H. M. S. Parker, got into trouble at Port Said through a quarrel with a fellow sailor. He was rescued from his predicament by the timely appearance of three chums, who persuaded the policeman to let him go on condition that they saw him safely aboard ship. He accompanied them first to a house where some Salvation Army Missionaries on their way to India were holding a night meeting. What he heard so affected him that he sought Salvation that day, kneeling in the morning tower of the warship just before he blew the sunset call. He at once told his messmates of his conversion and that evening played hymns to them on his fiddle instead of the usual jigs tunes.

CHAPTER III.

THE GEM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

A FEW days after the events recorded in the last chapter the "Barker" put to sea; much to the relief of the ship's company, who had grown heavily tired of their environment at Port Said, and longed for fairer climes and more beautiful lands. As the cruiser steamed out between the long moles Duffy stood on the deck and gazed long and wistfully at the receding mud flats.

The "Barker," whose proper name was MacDonald, stood by his side.

"What are we thinking about Duffy?" he said, breaking a long pause in the conversation.

"At the Cross, where I first saw the Light," was the only answer from the other, who was evidently repeating a line of a well known song. Then he pointed across the narrow strip of land to where the waters of Lake Menzaleh glittered in the sunlight.

"Mac," he said, "only a few days ago I was sinking beneath those waters and but for Charlie I would have gone forever. I thanked him for saving me but I never thought of thanking God till just lately—now I can praise Him for rescuing me out of the deep waters of sin in which I was struggling."

"Hallelujah," shouted Mac, who was an ardent Salvationist. The shout attracted the attention of a petty officer who was passing by and he called out, "Glad to be leaving yonder stew pan, I suppose, Mac?" "Oh, no," replied Mac, "I'd live there all my life if by so doing God would give me souls as a reward; I was shouting for joy over the testimony of Duffy here, that's all."

"Thank God, I'm saved," spoke up Duffy; "do you know I feel just about the same as Mac as regards Port Said, though a few days ago I was moping around like a wet hen and wishing myself a thousand miles away. Salvation makes a wonderful difference in a man, everything seems new and the Port voyage is the dearest spot on earth to me now, for it was there I was born again."

The petty officer was very much impressed by Duffy's speech, and as he went on to see about his duties the thought uppermost in his mind was that he needed a change of heart just as much as Duffy did if he would enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

The "Barker" soon headed westward and everyone on board knew that the Island of Malta was her destination. This was the headquarters for the Mediterranean Fleet and they all looked forward to meeting their comrades from the battleships, cruisers and torpedo craft once more and having a fine time together on shore.

"You'll be out of all the fun now, Duffy," said a stoker one day, "all the boys will cut you when they hear

you've turned blue-light, and you'll have to mope around Valletta on your homecoming, waiting for a pal."

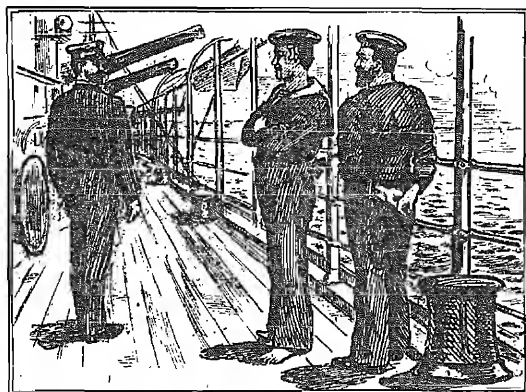
"He'll soon break out again," spoke up another, "Duffy never could stick on the tack long."

"I've got a friend who's promised to stick to me closer than a brother," replied Duffy, "and as to being out of all fun, why, I'm just commencing to enjoy life. You see what a good time I'll have at Malta, and if you don't say in the end that I've got the best of it I'll eat my hat," and then he drew out his Bible, sat on his locker and commenced to read part of the Sermon on the Mount.

The low lying Maltese Islands were sighted on the fourth day. Seen from afar, with the sun shining on the sandstone hills and laved by the waters of the Mediterranean they seemed like a huge cluster of diamonds set in the midst of an immense sapphire. The smaller islands

domes and houses all piled indiscriminately one upon another. Tier upon tier the buildings from the water front, clinging to the side of the steep Mount Scibarras like insects to a rock and making one fear that a good shaking would send them all tumbling into the sea.

The original intention of the builders of the city was to level off this promontory, but as they were constantly exposed to attacks from the Turks, then the most-dreaded power in the Mediterranean, they had to abandon the idea and build as best they could on the steep hillsides, while devoting their chief efforts to the erection of massive fortifications rising sheer from the sea to a height of two hundred feet or more. Thus we find that there is only level street of any length in the whole city—Strada Reale, which runs along the top of the mountain. All the side streets, sloping sharply down to the water on



The shout attracted the attention of a petty officer who was passing.

had rocky and precipitous coasts but in the main island the land gently sloped upwards from the sea, forming into hills and valleys towards the interior.

The whole island seemed to be divided into lots by high stone walls which in some places were built one above another, like giant steps. With patient and persevering industry the natives had thus enclosed their little patches of earth on the hillsides so that when the heavy rains came their property would not be swept all at once into the cruel sea, and the results of their toil lost to them. At first sight it would appear to be an island of stones. Look in what direction you would nothing but stones, stones and more stones met the eye. The buildings were all of stone with flat roofs to catch the rainfall. The walls were all of stone and extended in every direction, mile upon mile, great piles of stones lay dotted over the landscape, and huge stone fortifications frowned down upon the hillside on every side. Yet behind all this apparent desolation were beautiful olive gardens, orange groves and grape plantations while pomegranates and figs grew in abundance, and crops of oats and cotton were to be found.

The city of Valletta now came into view. Built on a rocky promontory that divides an immense natural harbor into two basins, the city seems to be a jumbled mass of arches, towers,

either side, are simply long flights of steps.

Everything in this medieval city reminds one of the past—in fact, it may be said to be a monument to its former greatness. In the newer cities of the world, say, in Western Canada, one is made to feel that everyone looks forward to the future as a time of greater development and prosperity. In Valletta one talks of the glorious days of old, when the Knights of St. John held sway, and when the chivalry of Europe congregated there to take part in driving back the infidel.

The Auberges, or places of residence of the knights still remain in excellent condition; their names indicating the nationality of those who formerly lived there. Thus there is the Auberge d'Italie, Auberge d'Espagne, Auberge de France, and, most famous of all, the Auberge de Castille, where the haughty Knights of Spain once held high revel.

In the Museum at the Governor's Palace are many interesting relics of the terrible siege the city endured in the sixteenth century, when forty thousand Turks beset it night and day for two months. After losing three-fourths of his force, the Turkish Commander gave up the attempt to capture the city. Of the gallant knights, however, who so stubbornly defended their possessions, only six hundred remained capable of bearing arms.

An old carriage once used by Napoleon Bonaparte reminds one of the French occupation. The power of the knights had sadly declined when the famous Corsican appeared on the scene, and he took the city without a struggle. Three months after his departure, however, the garrison of six thousand he had left in Valletta was besieged by the Maltese, aided by a force of English. At the end of two years the French commander capitulated; but during the incessant combats no fewer than twenty thousand Maltese perished. When the Napoleonic wars ended, Malta was ceded to Britain.

And England's pennon now waves proudly o'er St. Elmo's castled brow.

These little glimpses into the past will serve to show our readers what a very interesting old city Valletta is.

At the "Auberge de Castille," a massive building on the summit of the mountain, the approach of the "Barker" was signalled by the various flags and by the same means it was intimated to her Captain where he should anchor his vessel. Swinging into the Grand Harbor therefore between the huge fortresses of St. Elmo and Ricassoli, the "Barker" slowly made her way to her anchorage, and before long was safely moored in company with seventeen other massive warships, the magnificent squadron that maintained British prestige in those waters.

All around the Grand Harbor lay little towns and opposite Valletta the great Castle of St. Angelo reared its massive ramparts, while on a spur of land further down, the city of Senglea was built. Towards this latter place Mac and Duffy turned their eyes as the ship dropped anchor.

"I can see the old flag flying," said Mac, who was looking through a pair of binoculars at a certain spot.

"Let me catch sight of it," said Duffy. "Oh glory, yes, there it is, the Yellow, Red and Blue—the flag I am going to enlist under as soon as they'll have me. How soon can we get ashore?"

Obtaining leave as soon as possible Mac and Duffy, together with several others who had been converted during the voyage, hired a ghajnsa (a Maltese boat) and were just about to put off from the ship when Charlie the Marine came running down the ladder. "Wait a minute chaps, I'm going to join your crowd," he called out. "I made up my mind last night to become a Christian and so I'm one of you now, and here's my hand on it."

"Glory be to God," shouted several, while Duffy tried to do a hornpipe and nearly upset the boat as a result.

"Ah, Mala, you drunk abetty?" growled out the Maltese boatman, "why you no keep still?"

"Can't do it old chap," cheerfully responded Duffy, "I've rot to dance or I'm afraid I'd explode like a torpedo." He behaved himself sufficiently well however, for the boat to reach Senglea, and then he ran all the way up the long flight of steps leading to the main street and arrived breathless and panting at the door of The Salvation Army Naval and Military Home.

(To be continued)

The Founder and the Journalist

IN his recent book "Adventures in Journalism," Sir Philip Gibbs tells a delightful story of The Army Founder.

"I remember," he says, "having to see General Booth, the Founder of The Salvation Army, that grand old man for whose humanity and love I had a great respect, in spite of his methods of conversion, with scarlet coats and tambourines. He was angry with something I had written, and was violent in his wrath. But then he forgave me and talked very gently and wisely of the responsibility of journalism, 'the greatest power in the world for good or evil.'"

"Presently the old man seized me by the wrist with his skinny old hand, and thrust me down on to my knees. 'Now let us pray,' he said."

We are looking for you

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In cases of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.



Harold V. Andrews, 21, height 5ft. 10ins., dark hair and complexion, a few months ago was working in lumber camps at Vancouver, British Columbia, and also went to Seattle and stayed at the Olympic Hotel, but may have returned to Canada. American. Cry please only. See photo.

24—Margaret L. Boyd, Age 35, average height and weight, wavy hair, missing from Los Angeles since September 16th, 1923.

25—McCrory, John, Age 36, tall, black hair, Irish. Works as a laborer; in 1921 was known to be working in New Westminster, B.C.

26—Kennedy, Wm. Came out in September, 1923, as a laborer. Worked on a farm at Melbourne, Manitoba; age 18, medium height, fairly stout.

27—Sveinsson, Rudolph, Tall, fair hair, single. Last heard from in 1914 from Idlesleigh, Alberta. Lumberman and slaughterer by trade.

28—Dunlop, Alexander, Age 21, probably engaged in farm work. Last known address was Rouleau, Sask. Left England in April; not heard from since June 20th, 1923.

29—Day, Arthur Eugene, Age 25; same few years ago was living near Strongfield and Hanley, Sask.

30—Jensen, Bertram, Norwegian, age 53, left the old country 36 years ago. Last known address Youngstown, Alberta, where he was supposed to be in business.

31—Parsons, We are asking for Robert and Sarah, who left Enniskillen in 1893 and 1904 respectively, possibly have gone to the States.

32—Clayton, James, Tall, slim build, fair complexion, 5 years ago was working on the railway at Regina.

3226—Wallace, Frederick, John, "Texan," Mine, last heard of at Roseland, B.C. Age 49, very tall, fair complexion, born at St. Catharines, Ontario. See photo.

3227—Brown, Samuel, Is burning in Southern Alberta, supposed to have a large ranch.

3228—Bakken, Mrs. Min, Norwegian, age 50. In August, 1922, was in Springfield, Alberta.

3229—Belm, Ole Chr. Norwegian, age 40, nine years ago was living in Edmonton.

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3253—Belm, Ole Chr. Norwegian, age 40, nine years ago was living in Edmonton.

Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder

WILL VISIT

Winnipeg Citadel (UNITED HOLINESS MEETING)
FRIDAY, JANUARY 4

Brandon (Anniversary Services)

Saturday and Sunday, FEBRUARY 3 AND 4

The Hermit of Ocean View

He Couldn't Understand Why Two Army Cadets Were So Kind to Him but Their Deeds Warmed His Heart and He Sought Salvation

ON a wind-swept and barren stretch of land at the extreme tip of Pelham Bay much of the waste from New York City's streets and factories and stores is carted and buried. Here is waste from within the marble halls of Fifth Avenue, here is refuse from the poverty-shadowed tenements of neighboring Sixth Avenue, and here Cadets of the Eastern Territorial Training College found Herbert Keys, a seventy-year old man who has known both ends of the social scale.

Key's name was, at one time, well known in the city's religious and social life. Good people knew him as a good man. They thought him, and he gave promise of being, a coming man among men.

But temptations came, he slipped from the path of duty, dropped down and ever downward in the social scale and finally came "to the end of himself."

How the light of Christ came to this human derelict on the dump and how he later became a great power and blessing to scores is the theme of this little story.

The Cadets first heard of him when word was received at the College of a "poor old man who was dying in a house out near Ocean View in Pelham Bay."

They started out in search of the place. On getting off a shuttle at the closest station, they saw, across the vast stretch of waste land, no wink and twinkle of lights such as usually mark the dwellings of people. And under the red flare which flashed, at regular intervals from a nearby blast furnace, nothing could be seen of a house or other habitation.

But failure to see their way and a driving, needlelike rain failed to dampen the Cadets' enthusiasm as they pulled the collars of their overcoats tighter around their necks and started to make their way over the deeply rutted field.

They walked and walked. At last it seemed as if they must give up and turn back for the night at least. But just when the way seemed darkest and there appeared to be little use in going farther, the Cadets came upon a dark object which, upon closer inspection, turned out to be a small shack built of scrap tin and pieces of soap boxes.

By the light of a match they read in crayon, on the door, the name Keys. A grunt announced their knock and, walking inside, they found an old man, white of hair and chalky white of face, lying on a cot under some dirty rags at the side of the room. His face was haggard and deeply marked with the toll-tale lines of sin and of extreme suffering. A dog, a great big shaggy beast, was the old man's only companion. He sat on his haunches beside the cot and, ever and anon, licked the finger tips of Keys' hand.

"Well, what's wanted?" asked the sufferer.

The Cadets explained their mission. Could they be of any help?

The old man shook his head. But, in looking around the room, the Cadets found only half a cracker box of bread and a pitcher of water. No other food in the place.

Prayers were offered, but Keys gave no sign of interest. A discouraging case? Not to the Cadets. They left the hut determined to win the old man for Christ. A few hours later they returned with groceries and fixed him up a meal of poached eggs and coffee.

Within the next week the Cadets revisited the old man's house many times, each time with something which would make his bed of suffering easier to bear.

At last their kindness warmed Keys' heart, and he called them over to his side.

"I don't understand why you're doing all this for me," he exclaimed impulsively. "I haven't been saying much, but I've thought a great deal and been wondering whether Christ can save a poor old backslider."

Tears dropped from the sinner's eyes. For a minute or two he couldn't speak. Then he told, in a voice broken with heart sadness, of how he had once loved God and served Him, how he had deserted the paths of right and how, little by little, he had been circling tighter into the web of sin.

"Believe it or not, boys, but I've just now seen the light," he joyfully cried. "For the past ten years I've been bedridden and I've blamed God for it. But 'tisn't His fault. I brought it on myself. It's the punishment for my sins. Pray for me, pray that I may be a better man."

Eagerly the Cadets petitioned their Master and, in turn, Keys prayed for Divine help. Presently there came the answer and the walls of the hut rang with Keys' earnest cries of thanksgiving. Another prodigal had returned home.

This incident took place two years ago.

Since then Keys has become known to a wide circle of people as the "good hermit of Ocean View."

At first only a few of his old companions, human derelicts such as he, came to know of the great change in his heart. Some of them were saved and, within a short time, the word spread to a broad abroad of how "Christ" seemed to be with the old man on the dump.

Since then scores have come to his bedside, many out of idle curiosity. But whatever the reason the fact remains that many of them have been led to seek the old man's Christ.

Would he leave the shack?

The question was asked him by two of the Cadets of the last session who visited Keys just before it closed.

The old man shook his head.

"I couldn't leave here now," he said. "I feel this is the place the Lord would have me to be. It's here He can use me best. What difference does it make, anyway, as long as you can sing, 'I'm the child of the King?'"

—New York "War Cry."

Coming Events

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. MORRIS

Deer Lodge Military Hospital Fri., Jan. 4

Kildonan Industrial Home Mon., Jan. 7

Winnipeg General Hospital Thurs., Jan. 10

Manitoba Provincial Jail Sun., Jan. 13

MRS. LIEUT.-COL. TAYLOR

King Edward Hospital Fri., Jan. 11

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SIBS

Provincial Prison, Winnipeg Sun., Jan. 13

BRIGADIER GOODWIN

Deer Lodge Military Hospital Fri., Jan. 4

St. Boniface Hospital Tues., Jan. 8

General Hospital Thurs., Jan. 10

MAJOR GEORGE SMITH

Ft. William Sat., Sun., Jan. 5, 6

Port Arthur Mon., Jan. 7

Fort Frances Tues., Jan. 8

Rainy River Wed., Jan. 9

Neepawa Sat., Sun., Jan. 12, 13

Portage in Prairie Mon., Jan. 14

Winnipeg VIII Sun., Jan. 20

Fort Kouse Mon., Jan. 28

STAFF-CAPTAIN HARKIRK

North Battleford Jan. 5 to 14

Lumber Camps Jan. 19-28

A Correction

In a recent issue we stated that the Winnipeg I Corps was opened forty-one years ago. A Comrade draws our attention to the fact that this took place in 1882, which is thirty-seven years ago. It is forty-one years ago since The Army commenced its operations in Canada, the first shot being fired in London, Ont., in 1882. This was probably what led to the error, which we now correct.

Pointed Thoughts

Your happiness consists not in being where you are but in what you do. All success depends upon the extent to which we rely on God for help. Holiness is from God, and the man who gets most of it is most like God. Sin destroys the image of God; Holiness stamps us again with the image of Christ.

If a man is not holy it is because he wants something more than he wants Holiness.

Subscription Rates

A copy of the "War Cry" (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid.

If you do not live near a Corps or have any difficulty in securing the "War Cry" regularly why not become a subscriber? Address all communications to The Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

Remember the Army in Your Will

Do you intend to make a will? If so, while considering your friends and relations, will you remember The Salvation Army? We have received legacies in days gone by, and have deeply appreciated the interest which prompted friends to remember us, but we are quite sure that there are others who only need to know the great and growing needs of The Army, and they will do likewise. All kinds of property without exception may be willed to The Salvation Army.

Any enquiries regarding the above may be addressed to Commissioner Henry C. Hodder, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

The Army Way to the Best Way for you and your Friends to Travel

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317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg
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ADJUTANT W. SPEARING
75-7th Ave., E., Vancouver,
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